

MATERIALIZED BONDS.

A Family Physician Tries Mesmerism With Startling Effect.

MRS. JOHNSON AND HER DIAMONDS.

She Is Rich and Eccentric and Produces a Closefist of Witnesses to Dr. Stark's Financial Seance—The Woman's Story and the Doctor's Denial.

The famous Mrs. Mary Johnson, or "Diamond" Johnson, as every one in Norwich, Conn., calls her, on account of the large quantity of jewels which she owns and loses at various times, is again a bidder for publicity. This time, however, she does not come before the public in connection with sparkling stones, but in a case that is the dramatic sensation of her life, and that combines hypnotism, bonds and medicine.

A cupboard full of sheriffs, lawyers, detectives, coachmen, stable boys and cooks suddenly overflowed in her fine residence a few nights ago, and its occupants, who



MRS. JOHNSON.

had been in hiding for some hours, with their ears glued to a hole that had been made in the wall, sprang upon Dr. Clinton E. Stark, one of the most fashionable physicians in Norwich.

They accused Dr. Stark of being in the act of perpetrating a "bunko" game upon Mrs. Johnson, who then and there demanded that he be escorted to a place of captivity. This proceeding was not carried out, however, and the case has resolved itself into a civil suit. Mrs. Johnson is suing the doctor for about \$10,000, says the New York Herald's Norwich correspondent.

She says that she entrusted him with \$150,000 worth of bonds, and that of these he helped himself to nearly \$50,000 worth. Being discovered, she says, he mesmerized himself and disgorged all the bonds in the presence of the lawyers, sheriffs, stable boys, etc., though their presence was not known to him.

Coincident with the suit brought by the diamond owner, it is only fair to Dr. Stark to state right here that another suit has been begun by the woman's husband, with the object of securing a conservator to look after her estate, his claim being that she is insane. Mr. Johnson left his wife some time ago and is now living in New London.

Mrs. Johnson lives in a house on Broadway that stands in large and beautiful grounds. It is likely that she lives on a scale of, say, \$20,000 a year. Many years ago she occupied a more important social position than she does today, but she still goes among some of the best residents of Norwich, who consider her eccentric, but pleasant.

Dr. Stark, the hero of the present story, is a big man, handsome in his massive-ness, with luxuriant brown side whiskers of the kind that don't have to be forced in a hothouse. His eyes are big and brown, he is a man of force and energy and a member of the homeopathic school. He has been treating Mrs. Johnson for a number of years, and the trouble between husband and wife finally gave the physician the position of all around mediator.

A year ago the friction between the woman and her husband got so severe that she thought it necessary to secrete part of her estate, she says. She took a box of bonds to Dr. Stark and asked him to take charge of them for her. She says that they amounted in value to \$150,000. He says that they were worth just \$67,000. He put them in the bank.

In the box was a package of \$19,000 of Chicago, Burlington and Chicago and Northwestern bonds. These, the doctor says, she gave him outright as a present.

When The Herald correspondent called on Mrs. Johnson to get her story, he found her dressed in a damson colored dressing gown, very nicely perfumed. She is about 50 years old, her hair only gray in a few spots. Her eyes are bright, her teeth are very decidedly. Despite her age and the fact that she has sons with beards, she is often a little "kittenish" in her ways, but there is nothing about her that would make any one weave romances in her vicinity. She is very good natured doubtless, eccentric certainly and resolved not to be persecuted.

"I trusted Dr. Stark," she said, "with bonds amounting in value to \$150,000. Today a week ago I called at his office to

look at them. They were in a tin box. To my horror I found that \$50,000 of them were gone. I asked him for them, and he said he didn't know where they were.

"We had an argument, and eventually he agreed to try to get me back the bonds if I would agree to sell them to him for \$1,000. He said he thought they were secreted somewhere in my house. He made me write down a contract, in which, in consideration of \$1,000 paid me and other considerations, I agreed to sell him those missing bonds.

"When I had written this, I refused to sign it until I had consulted my lawyer, Mr. Shields. I saw him, and then we decided to put up a trick on the doctor and expose him. In the next room to my parlor up stairs is a room with a closet, and we thought if they all hid in the closet—the sheriffs and lawyers and everybody—they could hear what happened.

"We tried at first to hide my young lady typewriter in the piano, but she has such long legs she wouldn't fit. I made arrangements for the doctor to come up and look for the bonds on Monday night at 10 o'clock. To make a long story short, I got him in the sitting room on Monday night, and the closet was full of the sheriffs.

"He said that to materialize the bonds was a gamble on his part, but that he was a born gambler, and he'd do anything I had a mind to, and he'd take the risk."

This talk about "gambling" was explained to me later by Dr. Stark. He said that after Mrs. Johnson gave \$40,000 of bonds to her coachman she repented of her generosity and made him "materialize" them. As soon as she put her hands on them she kept them, and the coachman never got them back. This trick, he says, he thought she was going to repeat on him in order to get back his \$19,000 worth.

"The first thing he did was to send for beer, and then he looked all the doors," continued Mrs. Johnson.

"Now," says he when he had drunk the beer—now, I'm going to do a thing I haven't done for years. I'm a natural born medium and thought reader. I can tell what's passing in any one's mind. I thought if he had any idea of what was passing in mine he'd jump out of the window.

"Then he went off into a trance. He shook like a leaf, grabbed my hand as tightly as he could and wiped the perspiration from his brow. I said, 'Oh, doctor, ain't you just wonderful!' but that was only to fool him. I kept repeating that just to stop him from getting suspicious. Then he led me to the bed, and from under the mattress he grabbed a bundle of the bonds.

"They weren't all there, though. Then he ran up with me to the garret, where I hadn't been for a year. I told him it wasn't any use going up there, but he insisted. From there we went into the maid's room, and he pretended to take some more bonds from one of my dresses that was hanging there, but he took them from up his sleeves.

"Then we went back to my room, where the people could hear us, and the doctor wanted me to give him the \$50,000 worth of bonds for \$1,000. He kept saying: 'Oh, my head; oh, my head! I'll never do this any more! Oh, how sick I shall be for this tomorrow, though I am a natural born medium and a mind reader all in one!'

"While he was going on like this, holding my hand, Sheriff Hawkins came into the room and changed places with me. When the doctor recovered, he was very much scared, and he wanted the thing settled.

"Now, a great deal has been made out of the fact that I have a lot of diamonds, and that I keep money about the house. I do keep a few thousand dollars perhaps, but what's that to me? I am richer than I care for, and I can't begin to spend my income. I have just ordered a diamond thumb ring from a New York firm, but what of that? Even if I did buy a \$13,000 pair of diamond garters!

"I am not insane. I spend money, but it is mine. My husband would stretch out a penny like a piece of chewing gum. I believe in spending my money. Mr. Johnson would borrow \$5 from a nigger. I was married 32 years ago to that fiend. Are you married, young man? No? Well, don't ever get.

"Dr. Stark is certainly a magnificent looking man," she sighed. Then she add-



DR. CLINTON E. STARK.

ed, with enthusiasm: "He has such pretty eyes too! Oh, he's very prepossessing, I can tell you, but I'm afraid he is very wicked!"

Mrs. Johnson exhibited her celebrated diamond clock, on the face of which her name is written in diamonds. There is a blue heaven on it studded with real diamond stars, and a moon, adorned with diamonds, rises on the blue heaven and keeps step with the real moon. This, she said, she designed once while on a sick-bed. Her house is very finely furnished, and she has a pretty young woman to sing to her when she feels lonely.

Dr. Stark confessed to The Herald reporter that a sheriff's posse had sprung upon him at Mrs. Johnson's house, and that he had acted as custodian of bonds on her behalf, but he denied entirely her deduction from his conduct and attitude.

"I didn't want her bonds," he said, "and I went to the house on Monday night

and laid them on the desk. Then she asked me to help look for the balance of \$6,000 she claimed was missing. She jokingly said that I was a mind reader and grabbed my hand and asked me if I could read where they were. That was simply acting on her part for the benefit of those fellows in the closet. I know that now, but I didn't know it then.

"We didn't find any of the bonds. Her statement that I took them out of the mattress of her bed or out of my coat sleeve is untrue. The \$19,000 worth I took up with me and gave her. The others I believe never existed, except in her imagination.

"The woman is not absolutely crazy, but she suffers from emotional insanity, and under certain conditions she will part with any property she has, but when those conditions are not present she is very shrewd and tight with her money. This charge made by a silly woman is very severe on me, a reputable practicing physician."

A Curse on the Castle.

At Nadas, near Pressburg, in Hungary, stands, says a Vienna correspondent, a beautiful little castle, surrounded by a park of old chestnut trees. The place is shunned by the neighbors with a superstitious awe because two young wives of the proprietor died there, and their deaths were attributed to a curse resting on the house. On Tuesday the beauty of the village, Theresa Kotnes, was passing through the courtyard of the castle when she suddenly fell to the ground with a scream and shortly afterward died.

The Prince and the Baby.

The German newspapers have been telling a pretty story of a prince and a baby in connection with the recent army maneuvers near Garzweiler. One afternoon, after hours of hard work, Prince Adolph Schaumburg, brother of the German empress, entered a peasant's cottage and asked the housewife if she could give him something to eat, for he was starving. The woman replied that she would willingly do so if she could find somebody to mind her baby while she looked for some eggs. The prince promptly took charge of the infant and was skillfully amusing it when several astonished officers of his staff came up. The prince, for the moment, is the most popular member of the royal family among the women of Prussia.

Missing.

Thomas Foster, who originated the missing word contests that were a craze in England, has just been — to three years in a London — for a number of petty frauds. — Philadelphia Ledger.

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